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A Mystery.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

ADRIFT it lies on the white sea foam,
The storm wind blows;
And the dark waters bear it away from home,
You red, red rose.

Who cast thee away to float forlorn
In sad repose,
With thy petals all broken and cruelly torn,
You red, red rose?

The bosom that throbbed when thou wert fair,
Does it enclose
In the deep of its heart now, some blank despair,
You red, red rose?

Art thou cast away with some one's love?
Alas! who knows,
Since thy language is known but to God above,
You red, red rose.

Novel-Reading.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.



THE class of literature which exerts the greatest influence upon the thought, the aspirations and the ideals of the great mass of present-day readers is the novel. Thinkers, dreamers, doubters, idealists,—they belong to every age; but the novelist belongs to ours alone, just as surely as the telegraph and the electric spark. It is true, novels were written before our era. Cervantes lived long ago; the Romaunts lived still earlier; Fielding, Richardson, De Foe, are names of other centuries. But to-day the intellectual food of the masses is the novel.

The rise and fall of a people is read in

the literary productions which have come down to us through the centuries. We see a nation in its literature, in the tone, style and the characterization of its productions. Now, if our worth were to be determined by this test, where would we stand? From the quantity of our productions, we might, perhaps, attain a high place among our contemporaries, yet the quality of our writings would hardly raise our position. But the theory that "writers are an exact reflex of their times" loses significance in our day since facilities for printing are such that any writer may put his thoughts upon any subject before the people provided only he pays the price for printing. The fact is, however, that the novel, not to say the inferior novel, is the book of the day, the most widely read and certainly the best paying class of literature we are producing. This factor determines, to a great extent, just what is our position intellectually and morally.

The novel was unknown among the ancients. And this is regrettable, for had the Greeks and Romans employed their truth-loving and manly intellects in the portrayal of character, in picturing life as it was in their day, how much better acquainted we would be with their history, and how different a meaning would we read in their philosophy! No doubt, we should be presented pictures of crime and perverted morals which we think could not be duplicated to-day. A modern Sienkiewicz even shows us a sickening picture of Roman feasting and debauchery. But, after all, would the unvarnished rottenness of the Roman be much worse than the spicy dish served up in tasty style by our present-day novelists? All the little details of life in the ancient world we gather from the writers

of that period; but had these facts been presented to us by a Dickens, a Scott, a Lytton, with living characters using the language and presenting all the peculiarities of the day, what a world would lie open to us!

The purpose for which a novel is written depends first of all upon the author's motive in writing, and, secondly, on the effect produced on the reader. Only too often, the author, whose bread and butter depend upon his work, looks more to quantity than to quality, and hence his productions are of an inferior order. But if the effect produced upon the reader is bad the fault is the author's, and he fails in his duty as public teacher. The French novelists of the last century may have entertained the loftiest ideas concerning morality, government and Christianity. But the representative novels of these writers show views which, to put it mildly, are peculiar and offensive. If the world mistook their faith for infidelity, their picture of purity for immorality, and their obedience to law and order for anarchy, where shall we lay the blame? Surely, the reader can not understand things perversely. A novel may be enjoyed and appreciated by thousands, but if it has not made one man, woman or child better for having read it, what becomes of its purpose?

Apart from all purposes which the novel is supposed to serve, its chief aim certainly is amusement. Novels have been called "literary playgrounds" over which our overworked brains can romp and find relief from the cark of everyday toil. When "to talk is labor and to think is pain," we can take a novel and find true rest and entertainment. And yet it is just in these unguarded moments that the danger comes. Let the novel be one of the "sensational" type that fires the mind and poisons the heart, one in which innocence is mocked and purity scorned, and the result produced on the reader must be disastrous. "All the wrong that I have ever done or sung has come from that confounded book of yours," wrote Byron to Moore. Now, if this is true,—what an intellectual wreck has not been caused by Moore!

The field for the novelist is practically unlimited. The purely scientific journal is, perhaps, the only publication to which he

is denied access. Hence, we can readily understand the mighty force of his influence. Now, if this influence be bad, the results can not be good. To take a boy "steeped in the morning sun of a future that looks golden" and to put into his hands some of that vile stuff characterized as the "dime novel" is little short of criminal. Boys are attracted by these "blood and thunder" weeklies with startling pictures and glaring titles. The spirit of adventure still predominates in the boy. For him peace and harmony have no fascination. He wants noise and rebellion. The problem is to give the boy what he wants, but to put it into a form under which it can not harm him. If he must have a war story, let it be one dealing with the great wars of the world, the crusades, or our war for independence. If he must have blood and suffering, tell him the story of the great Christian heroes; give him a glimpse at the scenes of martyrdom, as true as they are instructive and inspiring.

Closely related to the "dime novel" is the so-called "sensational" novel. Some one has defined this particular kind of literature as "a complexity of improbabilities woven around a crowd of nonentities, interspersed with fashionable filth and relieved by sleek-coated beastliness; meaning nothing and good for less." It would seem that a portion of the world of readers has become tired of the every-day affairs of the times. Everything is flat, dry, stale. A change is wanted, not so much for want of a higher tone of morals, nor a lack of high ambitions, but simply from a desire for sensation. In the face of all the trouble that is daily brewing right in our midst, there are still some who seek sensation. Truly has it been said that there was more reason for the philosopher to look, lantern in hand, for an honest man than there is for us in an age like this to seek sensation. Yet, we are daily handed out novels containing most animating descriptions of a petty lover's quarrel, striking pictures of an actress' divorce trial and detailed accounts of dastardly murder schemes. Why should this be? Simply because there are those who want it and will pay the price for it.

The mission of the novel, then, is plain. No one can deny the tremendous influence

of the novel. For him who seeks to destroy morality and the simple faith in humanity and in God, there is no more effective weapon. Also for him who desires to uplift the standard of morality and to increase in his fellowman the love of truth and justice, the best instrument is the novel. There is a vast field open to the novelist. It is for him to show the world that there are other things to write about than vice and crime. He must prove that goodness, purity and innocence are not too dry to be discussed; that self-sacrifice and the battle against the powers of darkness are well deserving of attention. That book alone can be properly so called which has made at least one reader better for having read it.

Teddy Bare's First Day Out.

DENIS A. MORRISON, '10.

"Oh, mamma! Is he green? Did you ever see grass in the springtime? Is it green? Well, this guy's got that skinned so far you can't see him for the dust."

"What's his name, 'Squib'?"

"Oh, it's a peach; just plain Bare with Theodore tacked on the front end."

"Theodore—Teddy? Ah! our little Teddy Bare, eh?"

"Right. Now, we've simply got to fix up some sort of welcome for Teddy, just to show we're glad to see him. Suggestions as to the method of torture are now in order."

"All right. You, 'Snipe,' go over and get 'Buts' and 'Consty,' and we'll see what we can cook up. See you down at the post."

Just as the speaker, known to his family as James Darling and to the rest of the world as "Squib," disappeared around the corner of the Gym with his companion, the subject of the conversation strolled complacently into view at the farther end of the building. He was a rather seedy-looking individual at first glance. His legs were long, and a pair of skin-tight, striped trousers didn't help to conceal the fact. A shock of country-bred blond hair jutted from under his hat and nearly covered both eyes. This hat was by all odds a "sporty" garment. It was a light gray felt, and boasted a band with a color scheme that would have made

Joseph's coat look like an undertaker out of work. He wore no vest, preferring rather to parade the shining stiff bosom of his shirt, and to make this effect more pronounced, he dispensed with a necktie also. And this young man's name was Theodore Bare.

After he had approached within a few yards of the Gym, he stopped, placed both hands in his pockets, and stared at it. He turned as two young fellows came along.

"Say, what d'you call that there buildin'?" he asked.

"Rest-room for the down-and-out club, Abner," replied one.

"Um-m; you belong, I s'pose."

"No, it's exclusively for yearlings turned loose for the first time."

At that moment a wagon was driven up to the door of the Gym, and two men struggled in with a large box.

"What's that?" asked Theodore with increasing interest.

"Oh, just a coffin for the last victim," was the reply. "Died this morning, didn't he, Jim?"

"Yep; three-thirty A. M. Sad case, too."

"Very sad. Hard on the poor boy's parents. Oh, Jim!" very pathetically. And both youths reached for their handkerchiefs, while Theodore looked on bewildered.

"Say," he said, finally, "you don't have to join this 'ere club just because you're a yearlin', do you?"

"Y-yes," said Jim through his tears, "you do, and that's the saddest part of it."

For a minute or two longer Theodore remained thinking. Then he broke out:

"What's the dues in this 'ere club? I reckon you've got to pay something, don't you?"

"That depends on what membership you take. The lamented deceased was not prudent. He held a number four membership, which costs five dollars a year, or fifty cents a month. A number one membership, which protects a member from all danger of death or injury, sells at ten dollars per year."

"Gee! Where can I buy one?"

"This gentleman here is treasurer of the club," suavely replied the first speaker, indicating his friend, Jim.

"Ah-er, yes," the latter broke in. "I was just about to complete arrangements for the obsequies of our departed friend, but,—” with a deprecating wave of the hand—"business before pleasure, you know." Then he produced a note-book from his pocket.

"What name, please?"

"Thomas Theodore Bare."

"Place of residence?"

"Three Corners, Indiana. That is," he hastened to add, "that's where we git the mail."

"Oh, I see," responded Jim's companion.

"Age?"

"Seventeen an' three-quarters."

"Occupation?" Here the would-be down-and-outist scratched his head in thought.

"Guess, I ain't got none," he finally replied.

"What?" cried the other sternly. "No occupation? One who has reached the mature age of $17\frac{3}{4}$ without an occupation? This is awful. How do you pass the time when you're home?"

"Pitchin' hay, mostly, an' goin' to school," said Theodore, trembling a little.

"Of course. Pitching hay. Don't let me catch you lying again. Now, what sort of membership would you like to subscribe for, Mr. Bare?"

"Any old kind that ain't got coffins in it, I reckon. Got any like that?"

"Certainly. I take it that, being a young man of means, you would like a number one. Just ten dollars, please."

"All right, jist a minute."

He reached into his inside coat pocket and brought forth a much-worn leather wallet from which he extracted a ten-dollar bill. This he handed to his questioner.

"One moment, and I will give you a receipt," said the latter.

Quickly scribbling one he signed the name, "O. U. Mark." Then he gave it to the other, at the same time stepping forward and whispering into his ear.

"Meeting to-night at the post. Don't forget the countersign; it's, 'Bee-hive.' If you're not there it'll cost you five dollars. Don't forget. So long."

The two turned serenely and walked into the Gym, leaving their newly-found friend chuckling with satisfaction at the neat manner in which he had warded off peril.

"Ain't it awful, Jimmy!" exclaimed his friend as soon as they were out of hearing.

"Awful? Oh, gee! Get an ax and hit me to see if I'm alive. Gad, how my risibilities hurt."

"Didn't he take it like a sheep in a slaughter house, though? My! what verdancy."

"Now that the agony is over, how about a square meal with all the frills and side-issues?"

"I'm there like a quail on toast. I feel as sporty as the girl in the ivory soap advertisement with that 'X' nestling in my jeans. Come on."

Theodore, meanwhile, very much satisfied with himself, was busily engaged in contemplating what might have happened.

"Them 'ere coffins don't look very good to me," he mused. "No, sir. An' it only cost me ten bones, too, an' I b'long to a club besides. Guess, I'll write to Cissy about it." At this point in his reflections, Theodore was interrupted by a friendly slap on the shoulder.

"Hello, old jelly-fish," was the somewhat unconventional greeting.

Theodore began to tremble at once. Undoubtedly this was some very influential student. Anyhow, he stood naturally in some awe of these "college fellers," with their free-and-easy familiarity.

"How d'you do?" he responded timidly. Then, as an afterthought, he added, "say, that hurts."

"That so?" airily replied the other. "I didn't feel it at all. Say, is your name Teddy Bare?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. If that's the case, I want a few words with you. Come on down this way."

He seized him by the arm and led him, willy-nilly, on the road toward the Post.

"Maybe you're a little surprised, Teddy, but, you see, it's like this. I'm the secret agent of a powerful organization known as the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hair-mussers. We heard of your arrival among us, and I was sent right away to secure you as a member of the Order."

"Who, me?"

"Oh, no; your great aunt's favorite tom-cat. Of course, you. Now, come along and don't ask any questions. The very earth has ears, and we must be cautious."

And so, Theodore, all unsuspecting and tingling with excitement and anticipation, was, some ten minutes later, ushered into the presence of the four most obstreperous youths in Duckville College. The scene was appropriate, being an abandoned and dilapidated barn about half a mile from the college grounds. In the center of the four sat Darling on a wood box which served as a throne. On his right was "Buts" Framer and on his left, "Snipe" Sexman. The first-

named spoke as "Consty" Barnhold entered with his captive.

"Ah, brother," he said, "so you have been successful. Has the neophyte expressed a desire to join us?"

"Yes, noble Chief," answered "Consty."

"Gee, is this the whole blame crowd?" asked Theodore, looking around him. For a moment, all were non-plussed. Then Barnhold, he of the quick retort, replied:

"No, this is only the executive committee. They decide whether you get in or not."

"Yes, of course," agreed Squib. "Do I understand that you desire to join our noble Order, Mr. Bare?"

"I guess so. Anyhow, that's what that feller says," indicating Barnhold.

"Certainly; he ought to know. Very well, Mr. Bare. The first formality then is to swear you to absolute secrecy." This was done.

"Now," Squib went on, "before you are permitted to enter upon full membership, you must perform one task which shall be appointed by this committee. Gentlemen, what is proposed?"

"Noble Chief," said "Buts" Framer, "I have taken a special liking for Mr. Bare on account of his modest demeanor here to-day, and I plead that he be spared the ordinary severe tests. Therefore, I propose that he be required merely to perform a little act of generosity in behalf of the Order."

"Detail the nature of the act, Brother."

"With pleasure. As you well know, within the past few days, our scouts have noticed a large number of bats in the chapel tower. It is my proposal that we delegate Mr. Bare to notify the porter of this fact, thus benefiting the entire college by our forethought."

"Excellent," Squib agreed; "also very simple. You agree, I suppose, Mr. Bare?"

"Reckon I do. It sounds easy enough."

"Certainly. Your instructions are easy to follow. You will proceed to the administration building and then to Prexy's room—Prexy's the porter, you know. Once in the room, you are to say in a distinct voice, 'Prexy, you have bats in your belfry. Now, understand?'"

"Yes, sir."

"See right. Brother," addressing "Consty" Barnhold, "you will accompany Mr. Bare to see that his mission is performed."

"Yea, noble Chief." And they departed, after a deep salaam before Buts.

"Consty" utilized the time consumed in walking back to the college in rehearsing Theodore's part thoroughly. By the time they arrived, the latter was well versed in his duties. "Consty" pointed out the door and then hastily retreated on tiptoe.

Theodore, on the other hand, walked boldly up and knocked loudly. His spirits were bounding and, as a member of the two most exclusive clubs in school, he had a thorough appreciation of his own importance. As the response, "Come in," was heard, he opened the door and entered the room.

"Say, Prexy, my friend, did you know there were bats in your belfry?"

"Wh—what's that?" exclaimed the amazed president.

"Yep. Seed a lot of 'em up there. Awful, ain't it? Mister—er—" Theodore thought he was going to receive thanks for his thoughtfulness, so he said: "Oh, never mind. Jist thought I'd let you know. So long." And turning, he placed his hand on the door-knob as if to leave. But he didn't; for the astonished and enraged president had caught on.

"Come here, sir. Young man," he said, "what do you mean, sir, by—" And that was all "Consty" stayed to hear.

That evening after it was all over Theodore, just a little bit wiser, though much sadder—and madder—met the noble chief of the A. H. O. H., to whom he related his adventures.

"How very surprising," suavely commented "Buts" Framer, after he had listened to the story. "Very strange, indeed. You must have got into the wrong room."

"Yes, ain't it? By gum, I purty nigh forgot. I've got to go to a meeting tonight. So long."

And he hastened away, while Framer looked commiseratingly after him.

Why?

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

Oh, Rose, why flaunt to the world your blush?

Why spill your perfumed breath?

The winds will steal your crimson flush,

And dance when you're bowed in death.

Oh, Leaf, why ride the breeze so gay?

Why flash your red and gold?

The frosts will shorten your festal day,

And turn your heart to mould.

Varsity Verse.

SHALL THE WOMEN RULE?
 All the country's in hysterics,
 So the papers have declared.
 Every man keeps watch of wifey,
 All the Cops are getting scared.
 Government Officials' autos
 Toward the woods are on a spin,
 And the reason of this hubbub?
 Mrs. Pankhurst just blew in.
 Johnny Bull is on vacation,
 Feeling mighty good, you bet,
 And he smiles with great complaisance,
 Since he lost his suffragette.
 Uncle Sam is looking worried,
 For his mind is at a loss
 Just to see what things may happen,
 Since Mrs. Pankhurst blew across.
 All our gentle lady voters
 To New York have just gone down,
 To meet their much-loved Emeline,
 And help her chin the town.
 They are out with signs of "Suffrage,"
 And they're "bound to have their way,"
 And it looks as if they'd have it,
 Till Mrs. Pankhurst blows away.

G. J. F.

LONGMAN'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.
 (*With Apologies to Mr. Shakespeare.*)

LONGMAN. Hit the line, I pray you, as I have taught it to you, tackling hard on the run; but if you tackle as many other players do, I had as lief the Carroll Hallers made my team. Nor do not grab the air, thus, but nail your fellow; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of the scrimmage, you must acquire and beget the power that will stop their plunges. O it offends me to the soul to see a robustious leather-pated fellow tear our linemen to tatters, to very rags, to please the eyes of his rooters, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-show and noise. I would have such a fellow downed in his tracks. Why this out-yosts Yost. Pray you, get busy.

EDWARDS. I'll warrant it, Coach.

LONGMAN. Be not too tame neither, but let good head-work be your tutor. Nail the player with the ball, swipe the ball from the player, with this special observance, that you'll not be detected by the umpire; for anything so overdone is but a fault in playing whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to fool, as 'twere, the watchful umpire; to show all men your playing, me my own coaching, and the very scrubs and the rooters 'long the lines your beef and muscle. Now this underdone or come tardy of, though it make the knockers laugh, can not but make the rooters grieve. O there be players that I have seen play, and heard papers praise, and that highly, not to speak it untruly that, having neither the make up of players, nor the gait of back-fields, linemen, nor scrubs, have so tackled or hit the line that I had thought some of South Bend's carpenters had made men and not made them well, they played football so abominably. Line up for scrimmage. T. L.

Venerable Bede.

B. EPHREM.

Among the great men who adorned England during the seventh and eight centuries the Venerable Bede stands pre-eminent. He was born in 673 and died in 735. The little we know about his own life is told us by himself in the last chapter of his great work on the "Ecclesiastical History of the English People," which he completed four years before his death.

At that time a great number of manuscripts were collected and placed in the libraries of York and Wearmouth by Wilfred and St. Bennet (Abbot Benedict). Though Northumbria had fallen from its old glory it was still the chief centre of learning in England, and many eminent scholars flocked to its schools for instruction. It was in one of those famous schools that Bede began his studies. The monk Adrian did much in spreading the Greek language in England, and Bede learned that language either from Adrian or from Theodorus, Archbishop of Canterbury. How great a master he became in the Greek tongue may be seen from his "Ars Metrica." He learned chant of John, whom Pope Agatho sent to England with Saint Bennet.

In a short time Bede made himself master of the whole range of science of his time: he became what Burke has justly styled him, "the father of English learning." He was well versed in the ancient philosophers and writers, and frequently quoted from Plato and Aristotle, from Seneca and Cicero, from Lucretius and Ovid. He closely studied the "Æneid," and frequently verses from it appear in his narratives. He wrote treatises for his scholars on all that the world had then accumulated in astronomy and meteorology, in physics and music, in philosophy, grammar, rhetoric, arithmetic and medicine. He was also well versed in natural philosophy, the philosophical principles of Aristotle, the calendar, ecclesiastical history and the lives of the saints; but sacred Scripture was his special study, and its translation his chief employment. He repeatedly makes it clear that all his studies were subordinated to

the interpretation of Scripture. In his "De Schematibus," he says: "Holy Scripture is above all other books, not only by its authority because it is divine, or by its utility because it leads to eternal life, but also by its antiquity and its literary form."

Bede's history was translated into Anglo-Saxon by Alfred the Great, and was first translated into English in 1565 by Thomas Stapleton at Antwerp. It has since been translated into almost all modern languages. Milton complains of the omissions of the dates and civil transactions in Bede's history; but we must remember that Bede's undertaking was not a history of England but of the English Church, and consequently civil matters were only of secondary importance.

Though Bede did not travel abroad his geography, even in the description of foreign countries is incomparably exact, and this shows how careful he was in procuring information. With regard to the charges which some make that he was over-credulous, let us hear what Bishop Tanner says of him: "He was a prodigy of learning in an unlearned age, whose erudition we can never cease admiring. If we think that he sometimes failed in his judgment or by credulity, when we take a view of all his writings together, we shall confess that he alone is a library and a treasure of all arts." And William of Malmesbury says that it is easier to admire him in thought than to do him justice in expression. He wrote numerous biographies of saints; but many of those attributed to him are the work of other authors, many of them his disciples. The "Life of St. Gregory," published among his works, was written by a deacon named Paul. The "Life of St. Patrick" was written by Probus. Others were compiled by Jonas a disciple of St. Columban.

Bede died in the year 735 on the evening of the Ascension. Till the very hour of his death he continued to write, and when the summons came he finished translating the last chapter of St. John's Gospel into the English tongue, and then said: "All is finished now." Like a true soldier he died at the work to which he had devoted his life. He is first among English scholars, first among English historians. It is in him that English literature strikes its roots.

That he thoroughly understood the qualifications of good writing we need have little doubt, since perspicuity—the first principle of good writing, and most neglected—pervades all his works. He will ever be the glory of the English nation. He was a luminary whose bright rays have even come down to us despite the black cloud of the "Reformation," which attempted to hide all that was good and great before that time. In him we find the ideal man—a saint, scholar, and gentleman. He is but a type of the many monks who, though living apart from the world, have been the custodians and propagators of all its knowledge, and, in most cases, the originators too. When will the world realize what it owes to the monks—the "vanguard of civilization"? It has already realized it, but alas has not honesty enough to admit it.

Bailey's Buy.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.

The first year Bailey spent at college he played guard on the Freshman team. Everyone said he'd make the Varsity in his second year, and he did.

Bailey was first of all a football player; student life, society life and the rest came afterwards. He loved football. It was his study. He even dreamed about it. He would rise to the plane of an orator if the subject was football. Outside of it he was lost. During the season he was a star, even in the classroom, for it was then that he lived. It was then that life seemed to interest him, and he seldom failed to say something when called upon in class. Out of season he went to classes because it was customary. He became morose and sullen, and the "Profs" found him dreaming if they found him at all. That's the kind of a man Bailey was.

It was one night when the scrimmage was over that Bailey sat very busily engaged in shaking something out of his shoe. He was wondering if the coach was going to play him at end or in the back-field when a group of dainty "co-eds" came upon him and gazed with wonder. For here before them, close too, was a real, live football

man. They had often seen his picture on the sporting page, and had wondered if he looked much like the camera represented him. They had seen him rushing and smashing away on the gridiron, but he was at a distance then.

They admired football players, all football players, but especially the kind of player Bailey was. He was a hero, and they admired that kind most. They stood watching him, and unconsciously all felt that if anything Bailey was handsomer and more heroic in the flesh than he appeared on the "green sheets." One a little braver, and, as it happened, a little prettier than the rest, ventured near him. Bailey was thinking football, thinking hard, and he laced his shoe mechanically, unaware of the presence of his fair admirers. The venturesome one sought to break in upon his meditation:

"I say, Mr. Bailey." Bailey pulled the strings a little tighter. "Oh! ah, Mr. Bailey," with a rising inflection. Bailey twisted his ankle with both hands to see if it was all right and wondered if the coach really meant it when he told him he "got away like a drag of coal cars." The venturesome one turned slyly to her companion, and said, with a troubled expression:

"Oh, girls, say, I wonder—what if he's deaf?" Bailey coughed and it startled her. He was wondering why his knee grated every time he twisted it. She stepped cautiously after giving a sly look at the girls until she reached a position in front of him. She spoke again.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Bailey?" The spell was broken, Bailey glanced up and beheld the intruder.

"Ah,—Miss Harwood—how long—pardon me. You were there—all the time?" Miss Harwood reddened. How grand it was to hear her name spoken by a hero like Bailey was. She glanced furtively at her aids, and said, stepping back a little:

"Oh, we just came." Bailey looked around and beheld her companions.

"You all were—pardon me," with a gracious bow to the others.

Bailey sought to make reparation for the seeming disregard which he had shown on allowing such companions to remain so long in his presence without his being aware of

it. Miss Harwood broke in on the bow.

"We thought, Mr. Bailey, you looked quite lonely sitting out here by yourself, and then too it's exciting to look at football players—that is, good football players." Bailey blushed. He knew he was a good man on the team, but it sounded good to him to hear it from the winsome Miss Harriet Harwood. Harriet was a pretty girl—exceptionally so—and accomplished, and, best of all, she had dark brown eyes, so dark they appeared black. Bailey liked black eyes, they made him think of football.

It flashed upon his mind that the girls were waiting for him to say something. They had told him they enjoyed looking at him, but he knew they would enjoy it better if he said something. He started to thank them for the honor they had shown, but he forgot what he was going to say. He just said: "Won't you take a chair?" This took well, but it was just his good luck. The three girls seated themselves about him. It was Harriet who first spoke.

"Mr. Bailey, we girls are going to edit the *College Daily* on next Thursday, and we thought it would be real good to interview a football player; to tell the world what he thinks, what he likes, in fact, to tell of all his little whims and fancies. You know, Mr. Bailey, when actors gain fame the world loves to read all about them."

"Well, girls," replied Bailey, "I don't know much about this interviewing game. I am liable to 'get away bad' in that sort of a scrimmage, but if I am famous, I am famous, that's all."

"Now, you know you must be a willing subject," advised Harriet. "When Professor Eldridge failed to hypnotize 'Bud' Ransau in the Psychology 'Lab' the other day, he attributed his failure to the unwillingness of the subject. If our subject will be real willing and answer all our questions we will succeed; in fact, we will make that one of the rules of the game. Every time you refuse to answer—"

"I'll buy," interpolated Bailey.

"That's fine," said Miss McVey, "we'll penalize you a pound of candy every time you refuse to answer."

"All right, girls, is the *College Daily* ready?"

"*Oui! Oui! Monsieur!*" exclaimed Harriet.

"Well, I am ready, so blow the whistle."

The game was on. Harriet with pencil and pad began.

"Now you know, Mr. Bailey, when people see great men in any walk of life the first thing they want to know is, 'How did they get to be so great?' What were the means which they used to attain fame? We will make that our first question. To what do you attribute your success as a football player?"

Bailey had never thought of that before, but he remembered that the coach harped continually on a certain point, and he knew he had always tried to observe this instruction, so he thought that, probably, was the reason for his success.

"Well, there is one thing a man has to do in football, that's to play low and hit hard. I attribute my success to just that."

"It wouldn't do for a real honest man to play football, would it, Mr. Bailey?" asked Miss Heydrick.

"Why not honest men? I think they would make the best of players," put in Harriet.

"Well, you know an honest man goes along with his head up-looking the world in the face, as it were," answered Miss Heydrick.

"I don't think there would be stretchers enough around this place to accommodate your honest men if they played football that way. They wouldn't have life enough to look themselves in the face after the second down. The other side would play the game."

"Oh, Miss Heydrick, you are too frivolous," interrupted Harriet. "But we must be progressing, as 'twere. 'Play low and hit hard,' that's the first. Now let's see. Oh yes, Mr. Bailey, do you love your art? You know football is your art."

"You bet it's an art," exclaimed Bailey, "And do I love it? Well, if I were to tell you that I get up in the morning thinking football, think football all day, go to bed still thinking it, and when my eyes close in sleep I dream all night about it; if I were to tell you that, would you say that I do not love it? Love it—why it's all the—"

He noticed a strange expression come over Harriet's face. He had surprised himself at his eloquence, and he was sorry now

that he had done so. He thought that there was a hazy mist in her eyes.

"What would you say if I told you all that, Harriet?"

"I think I would ask you if you meant it."

"And if I said I did?"

Harriet's gaze had fallen upon the tablet. She was scratching her pencil on the written page. There was a slight pause. The light dawned on Bailey. In other times he delighted in just thinking such a thing might come true. Now, that it had, he experienced a new sensation. He realized too during that little quietude which held the group that there was something lacking before, even in football. He sought to break the spell.

"And if I said all that, and said it was true?" Harriet looked up. A faint smile stole upon her countenance and she said:

"Why, I'd say what you were about to say—I'd say it was all the world to you."

"Say, Bailey, are you a lunatic or have you just gone crazy? You surely do not display the intelligence of a three-year old child. The idea of your working on that field for two hours and then sitting down on the cold, damp ground. You come out to-morrow stiffened up on account of this, and I'll send you back to the 'Scrubs,' so quick you'll know how to appreciate the Varsity if ever you get back." It was Jim Bronson, the Varsity coach. All rose from the ground, startled by such a tirade, for he had come upon them unawares.

"You report at the Gym at once," commanded the coach.

Bailey thought to pause for a moment to say good-bye to his interviewers, but he saw that the coach was in an ugly mood. Miss Heydrick, in a spirit of villainy, intercepted further censure from the coach.

"We love our teacher, Mr. Bailey. Do you love your coach?"

Bailey turned as he was departing with the "tyrant of a dictator," and the tyrant turned too. He would be honest.

"Well, girls, on this one I'll—well, I'll buy."

It requires as much wisdom to know when to yield as when to be firm; and greater courage is often shown in withdrawing from a position than in maintaining it.—*Spalding.*

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—The loyal stand taken by the *News* and the *Tribune* of South Bend all through the championship controversy is duly appreciated by every follower of

In Grateful Remembrance. Notre Dame. The controversy is over now and we are declared champions. It only remains to extend a word of thanks to the gentlemen who wielded the pen so faithfully in our behalf. South Bend is not a university town in the sense in which one uses the term when speaking of Ann Arbor, Madison or Champaign. Notre Dame students do not own the town literally or figuratively before, during or after an athletic victory. Rarely their celebrations of victory extend to the city, and when they do these celebrations are very brief and very orderly. In general, the city and the University are distinct in their business relations, so that the existence of the one is not bound up in the existence of the other. Hence the loyal words of support written by these enterprising dailies come straight from the heart with no special view to "business." The press usually voices the spirit of the citizens. We of Notre Dame like to believe that what was written by the *News* and the *Tribune* is felt by every citizen of South Bend who knows enough about American athletics to make his good

will worth the having. As the years go on we expect to win other victories, though not every year a western championship in football. And we will feel as grateful then as we do now to the South Bend press for its enthusiastic support.

—In the face of a great national calamity the finest qualities of the American people find eloquent expression. Adversity has ever been the touchstone to **Charity Exemplified.** bring out the best that is in us, and a study of our national character under the influence of some great misfortune is particularly inspiring. We have seen in recent years the ready response to appeals for aid, and the spontaneous offers of relief during the earthquakes in San Francisco and in Italy and on the occasion of the mine disasters in France and Germany. The afflicted sufferers of the Cherry mine disaster through their tears are smiling their gratitude for the ready charity of a busy, practical nation. On every side we see evidences of a kindly spirit of benefaction, which, though unmonstrative, is nevertheless effective. We have never been accused of being a religious people; in fact, our national neglect of religion and lax moral standards have been the cause of bold prophecies that the fate of Greece and Rome awaits our national life. While one must regretfully admit that there are many wrong tendencies among us and that godlessness is rife, the cheering thought suggests itself that charity, our great national virtue, may be a saving grace, like the ten just men in Sodom and Gomorrah. Simple, solid charity for charity's sake is a quality not to be despised, and the American people may congratulate themselves that they give notable examples of charity as exemplified in helping the sore distressed, irrespective of race, color or creed.

—Inter-hall athletics, a peculiar feature of Notre Dame University, were born and developed with the institution itself and are now firmly rooted in the life of **Inter-Hall Athletics.** the University. They have filled and continue to fill a need that is strikingly apparent in other universities; they insure the physical training of those students who, because of lack of

skill, or for any other reason, are unable to take part in Varsity athletics, and they operate against the tendency of the institution to develop a few to the detriment of the many. Few indeed are the young men who are not able to participate in some of the inter-hall contests. Football, basket-ball, track, boating and baseball offer opportunities to each one for developing his body and securing a training in some of the great American sports, a training that is of the highest importance to the student both physically and mentally. Aside from affording the daily exercise indispensable to health, the daily practice required in inter-hall rivalry develops the body uniformly, effects grace and dexterity of movement, stimulates perseverance, accelerates alertness of mind and develops rapid, accurate thinking. Inter-hall athletes very often discover their ability by chance in some minor game. Since no other plan can accomplish so many good results, inter-hall athletics should be protected and encouraged.

—The recent movement towards the revision of football rules so as to do away as much as possible with the present perils of the game is a step in the right direction. Football Legislation. Football is too great and too good a sport to be lost, and the energy which is uselessly expended in agitating its abolition might better be utilized in securing the adoption of conservative suggestions which have been made for eliminating the dangerous features of the game. Football always has been and always will be a dangerous game, and can never be made safe for the weakling or the untrained or undeveloped young man; but after all, it is in part the element of danger which makes it so popular. The red-blooded young American loves to flirt with the chance of getting hurt, and there are many other means whereby he might disable himself without acquiring such development of body and mind as results in most instances from a season's discipline on a football team. The question which the rules committee have to solve this year is not how to make football a better game, but how to rescue it from the dangers which threaten

its existence. Although legislation will never prevent injuries in such a game as football, such action as that of the New York City school board in banishing the game shows that a determined effort will be made against it, and something must be done to obviate the fatal accidents with which it has been attended. The increased number of accidents which have occurred during the present season seems to indicate that the "open playing" has had an effect quite the opposite of that intended. It seems impossible to decide whether the mass plays and line plunges are more prolific of injuries than the high-speed collisions of open field runners. If the open style of play lessens the liability to injury, then it would be well to abolish the penalty for illegal or incomplete forward passes and allow two forward passes to a scrimmage. This would make the forward pass a more popular play and would probably do a great deal toward opening up the game. Two other points are deserving of close attention on the part of the rules committee, and it is to be hoped that the importance of these points will not be overlooked. The first is that of allowing players to continue in the game after they have reached a condition of physical exhaustion, and the second is that of providing a sufficient penalty for piling on a player without necessity. Failure to observe these two points has probably caused more of the serious accidents this season than any other feature of the game; and the committee should see that they are covered by the most rigid regulations possible. It is to be hoped that those gentlemen who meet in council to regulate the national college pastime will exercise wise caution in their legislative acts. Care must be taken to rule against plays and formations that endanger life or limb. And a degree of reserve must also be exercised that the game be not so burdened with penalties as to become a mere ping-pong performance. Football, it is generally admitted, is too good a game to be lost. Indeed there does not seem to be any valid reason why it should be lost. Each year, following serious accidents, reformers will clamor to abolish the game. At least every effort should be taken to modify the sport before attempting a movement of this kind.

O'Donnell in "The Sign of the Cross."

Sunday afternoon we were given an interesting and enjoyable entertainment by the dramatic reader, James Francis O'Donnell. Mr. O'Donnell gave us a very creditable rendition of Wilson Barrett's play, "The Sign of the Cross." The play, containing as it does such a variety of characters rather difficult to present, is not an easy one for the reader. But Mr. O'Donnell performed this task in a manner which held the attention of the audience throughout. In his impersonation of the male characters, particularly that of old Glabrio, Mr. O'Donnell was very happy. One could wish that he came nearer the characters of Mercia and of the young boy, Stephanus. Then, too, it was found rather difficult to understand the reader at times; particularly was this true in the rendition of the feminine rôles. Mr. O'Donnell stands high among our entertainers, and we hope to hear him again.

K. of C. Club Organized.

A number of Knights of Columbus assembled in Carroll reading-room last Tuesday night for the purpose of perfecting an organization among the student Knights and the establishment of a club room at Notre Dame. Various attempts of this kind have been made in the past, but without any definite results. But success is practically assured this time as the movement originated in the student body. A committee was selected to draw up by-laws, and the following officers were chosen: Father Schumacher, Honorary President; Father Quinlan, Chaplain; Ray Skelley, President; E. J. Lynch, Vice-President; "Pete" Dwyer, Treasurer; John C. Tully, Secretary; and James Sherlock, Sergeant-at-Arms. It was decided that meetings should be held every Tuesday evening, that a permanent club room should be secured, and that at stated times entertainments should be held. Many Knights were missing at the last meeting, and these as well as those who were present are urged to attend next Tuesday night as matters of importance will then be discussed.

The Last Spike.

This from the *Courant*, the student paper of Pittsburg University, is the last spike driven into a lie which can never hope to rise again:

Through one of the "fake" newspaper agencies which has helped to give Pittsburg and her institutions a black eye in other parts of the country on numerous occasions, stories were sent broadcast after the Notre Dame game that Pitt was raising strenuous objections over the alleged rough tactics displayed by Notre Dame in their game here. As a representative of the players, student body and University, as a whole, the *Courant* wishes to refute all such claims. Notre Dame played good, hard football all the time—the kind of football that wins. The game was no pink-tea affair, but such was not expected. Instead of criticising the work of the Notre Dame players, Coach Thompson set it up as an example for his men, and was loud in his praise of the great fighting spirit which the lads from Indiana displayed. You taught us a lot, Notre Dame, and we thank you. We've forgotten all about that defeat. May you come again next year and the next.

Reception to the Football Team.

Our undefeated football heroes returning from Marquette last Friday were fittingly greeted by an ovation unparalleled in the history of Notre Dame. The welcome planned and organized by James Deery, Jesse Roth and Jimmie Cook, with the sanction of the faculty, was an unqualified success. Special cars, decorated with pennants and gold and blue bunting, bore the students in a body to the Lake Shore depot to meet the incoming gridiron warriors. Here under the direction of grand marshal and yell-master Cook and his sub-marshals, Deery, Stoakes, Roth, Frieze, Sinnott, O'Flynn and Funk, all formed in double file marching order, the long line linked together with gold and blue bunting. The appearance of the team was a signal for such a spontaneous round of cheering that, in the words of our local poet "the welkin needed mending." The men entered a decorated carriage bearing on either side the triumphant inscription, "Western Champions." Preceded by an impromptu band, which made up in enthusiasm and sound what it lacked in music, the squad was drawn through the principal streets of South Bend by students.

The main body followed cheering, singing and shouting—especially shouting. As the rah-rah procession drilled its sinuous way through the city, traffic was suspended, crowds gathered along the streets, and staid merchants craned their necks to catch a fleeting glimpse of the sturdy Champions of 1909. When the pent-up enthusiasm of the exulting students had vented itself, all marched back to the University and drew up in front of the steps leading to the Main Building, where addresses by President Cavanaugh, Prof. Farabaugh, Col. Hoynes, Chester Frieze, and Capt. Edwards closed the afternoon's demonstration.

Meeting of the Aero Club.

The Aero Club held an enthusiastic meeting on Wednesday evening, the members testifying their avidity for knowledge along air-ship lines by subscribing for every available magazine on this subject. Prof. Green gave another illustrated lecture on air-ships. "Chili" Cortez described a journey through the air in a parachute, and Charles De Lunden presented a mirth-provoking account of a balloon trip.

Personals.

—Walter L. Quinn (LL. B., 1900) recently passed the state bar examination and has begun the practice of law in Clark, South Dakota.

—John C. Fanger, Com'l '04, is employed by the firm of Fanger & Rampe, 337 East Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. He sends congratulations to the Varsity.

—Jim Keeffe, '07, sends this laconic message from Iowa City: "All Iowa Sigma-Chis congratulate Notre Dame on the Western Championship.

—George V. Graff, student '93, writes from Ancon, Panama, asking for a Notre Dame pennant to place on the walls of a university club there. That's the spirit.

—Frank Hartzler, student 1905, is president of the Gary Concrete Block Company, Gary, Ind. Frank makes an occasional visit to Notre Dame on his motorcycle.

—Rupert D. Donovan (LL. B., 1908) was

here Sunday. "Rupe" is with the law firm of Winston, Payne, Strawn and Shaw, 400 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

—James Ryan Haydon, old student, is located at 132 Grove St., Hot Springs, Arkansas. Jim celebrates the birth of a son in verses of which he holds the copyright.

—Newton McDowell, student '05-'06, is employed with the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. at St. Louis. Newton visited old friends at the University this week.

—William A. McInerny (LL. B., 1901) of South Bend was recently named by the Governor as a delegate to the uniform legislation conference to be held at Washington, D. C., January 5-7.

—Dr. Arthur B. Eustace declares that if the Yale-Notre Dame game is arranged he will be one of our most "rabid rooters." That's the spirit. The address of Dr. Eustace is 103 State St., Chicago.

—David Prindiville writes for a catalogue, saying that it was twenty-five years last June since he left Notre Dame. The men of his time will be glad to know his address which is Box 210, Whitefish, Montana.

—Harry Hogan, '04, has been appointed city attorney of Fort Wayne, Indiana. The appointment is a notable honor, and the SCHOLASTIC congratulates the city of Fort Wayne on securing so energetic and so competent a solicitor.

—The bans of marriage were published in St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, November 21st, for the marriage of Miss Nellie Clinton and Frank Zipperer, student of Notre Dame for several years. The ceremony will take place December 9th. Frank is one of the higher salaried men now in the South Bend Post-Office.

Local Items.

—Bi-monthly examinations will be held Saturday, Dec. 18, and Monday, Dec. 20. A good bulletin will prove a most acceptable Christmas present to the people at home. Every student should remember this on the examination days.

—By way of variety another street-car fell off the line Tuesday morning.

—Local weather prophets are predicting an open winter—whatever that means.

—The University Glee Club has in preparation a program for presentation on President's Day.

—In emulation of their world-renowned idols, the Corbyites have prepared postal views of the inter-hall champions.

—The Philopatrians will give a reception to the Faculty in the large parlor, Main Building, Tuesday evening at 7:30.

—The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC will be the Christmas number. It will make its appearance on or about December 18.

—The members of the Senior Law Class are wearing neatly designed class pins of old gold, bearing the legend, "LL. B. 1909."

—The Engineering Society has reorganized. Following is the list of officers: President, P. K. Barsaloux; Vice-President, William J. Heyl; Secretary, Robert Shenk; Treasurer, J. C. Tully; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. E. Vera.

—Fathers Quinlan and Carrico, of the Collegiate English Department, are conducting examinations in the Preparatory English classes. English D fellows expect to hold the Rev. Fathers to a close score.

—We quote this from the (Cleveland) *Catholic Universe*: "Notre Dame University, it is reported, is to be the first to include in its curriculum the study and practice of aerial navigation. Recent triumphs on the gridiron make Notre Dame pine for other worlds to conquer.

—Coach Frank Longman, whose successful season at Notre Dame has brought him into prominence all over the country, has been selected to accompany the Ann Arbor High School team on a trip to the Pacific Coast. The party leaves on December 14, and will tour the whole Northwest.

—The celebration of President's Day has been postponed until December 14. The play, "The College Toastmaster," to be presented as a part of the day's exercises, is undergoing successful nightly rehearsals, and its production is expected to outshine any presentation of recent years in University dramatics.

—The semi-finals in oratory, in competition for the Breen medal, were held Monday evening, Nov. 29, in Sorin Law room. The

four contestants who won the right to compete in the final contest, to be held tonight in Washington Hall, are: 1st, C. C. Miltner; 2d, J. Toole; 3d, Jos. Quinlan; 4th, F. G. Wenninger. The Judges were Colonel Hoynes, Father Carroll and Prof. Reis.

—Wrestling classes will be organized in the gymnasium next Tuesday night. Instructor Maris has announced that a team will be sent to Beloit shortly after the holidays to compete in the intercollegiate bouts. About twenty men will be carried on the team, and only those reporting before Christmas will be eligible. All who are interested are requested to report to Mr. Maris as soon as possible.

—The Law librarian reports the following volumes missing from sets:

Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure Vol. X.; American and English Encyclopedia of Law: Set 1—Vol. II., Vol. VIII., Vol. XXI., Vol. XXVI.; Set 2—Vol. IV., Vol. XXI., Vol. X.; Northwestern Reporter—Vol. LXIV. Persons having these library books in their possession are requested to return them at once to the Law librarian.

—The Sophomore tryout in oratory for the Breen medal was held in the Parliamentary Law room, Nov. 16. The contestants ranked as follows: James Toole, 1st; Cyril Curran, 2d; Bernard Mulloy, 3d; John Daily, 4th; Wm. Galligan, 5th. The Junior contest in oratory was held in Washington Hall, Nov. 17. The ranking is as follows: Francis Wenninger, 1st; Charles Miltner, 2d; Joseph Quinlan, 3d; Thomas Lahey, 4th; Charles Marshall, 5th; William Carey, 6th; Peter Forrestal, 7th.

—"Resolved, That life imprisonment should be substituted for capital punishment" was the question presented for debate at the regular meeting of the Brownson Literary Society, Nov. 28th. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Jennings, Fisher and Gaffney; they were opposed on the negative by Messrs. Marcille, Hinds and Kiley. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative. Subsequent numbers were as follows: "Resignation" by Rebilott, "The Lost Chord" by Carroll. The critic then said a few words regarding the work of the society and urged the necessity of taking a serious part in debating.

—The members of the team and their

admirers who accompanied them to Milwaukee for the Marquette game, were entertained as only Milwaukee knows how. The Notre Dame Club, of which Chauncey Yockey, '01, is President, did everything possible to contribute to the enjoyment of the occasion and make it a memorable one. Thanks, gentlemen of Milwaukee!

—Arrangements for the banquet to be given the Western Champions are practically completed. The affair is to take place at the Oliver on Saturday, December 11, and at least three hundred are expected to be present. James Deery, President of the Senior Law Class, has been selected as toastmaster. Speeches will be made by students and members of the Faculty and each member of the team. A number of old students who were prominent in athletics during their college days, have been invited and are expected to attend. It is the desire of the committee that it be a fitting reception to the men who have placed Notre Dame on the pinnacle of fame in the football world, and to this end the hearty co-operation of every collegiate student at the University is solicited. Tickets for the banquet are now on sale with the different class presidents and John C. Tully.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 0; MARQUETTE, 0.

Thanksgiving Day, the last of the season's scheduled games was played. Milwaukee was the scene of the contest, and our Varsity was held to a 0 to 0 score by the Marquette eleven. For seventy minutes twenty-two men fought like mad, and every inch of ground was fiercely contested. Of course, we were expected to win, and under favorable conditions victory would have been ours. The loss of Vaughan from our back-field was a great handicap to overcome. This, however, is not intended to detract a single iota from the showing made by Schmitt who took his place, and indeed it might be hard to find a better substitute. But Vaughan is Vaughan on the team. It was around him that the offense of the team was built, and with him was lost a confidence which even a Tad Coy could not supplant.

The field was not in good condition and was particularly unsuited to our style of play, impeding the speed of our back-field and rendering any attempt at open football impossible. Our team, accustomed to a hard, fast field, could not put up the kind of football witnessed at other games. However, it must be admitted that the first and greatest impediment to our winning was the unexpected strength of our opponents.

In all fairness to Marquette it must be said that we were up against the strongest team we had met this season. They played us from start to finish, and indeed no less an authority than Walter Eckersoll of *The Chicago Tribune*, who was present at both games, did not hesitate to say that had Marquette played against Michigan as she did against Notre Dame, Michigan would not have carried off the victory.

Here is the line-up and list of officials.

Marquette		Notre Dame
Foley	L. E.	Matthews
Hanley	L. T.	Edwards
Housley	L. G.	Philbrook
Manning	C.	Lynch
McCusker	R. G.	Dolan
Elson	R. T.	Dimmick
Meyer	R. E.	Collins
Schaller, Regner	Q. B.	Hamilton
Jession	L. H.	Miller
Munsell	R. H.	Dwyer, Ryan, Kelley
Schroeder	F. B.	Schmitt
Referee—Ensley, Purdue. Umpire—Wrenn, Harvard.		
Field Judge—Stahl, Illinois. Time of halves—thirty-five minutes.		

* *

ON-SIDE KICKS.

During the last two seasons Sam Dolan played in every game with the Varsity, was not taken out during the progress of any game nor called for "time out." This is a remarkable record for a player of Sam's aggressiveness. During the greater part of the Marquette game on Thanksgiving day he played with a badly lacerated shoulder.

* *

The Thanksgiving game at Milwaukee closed the football career of four of Notre Dame's great players; Miller, Dolan, Lynch and Schmitt will be graduated in June, 1910.

* *

Coach Harper of Wabash picked seven Notre Dame players on his all-state eleven. They are, Miller, Dolan, Dimmick, Collins, Edwards, Philbrook, Lynch.

On Walter Eckersoll's choice for the All-Western eleven, Dimmick was given a tackle position, Dolan guard and Vaughan full-back.

* *

Reed Parker, yell-leader at Wisconsin, gave Dimmick first place at tackle on his All-American selection.

* *

During all the games in which he was seen this year our left-end, Lee Matthews, has shown superiority over all his opponents, and yet he has received scarcely any recognition by the critics on their all-star selections.

* *

We got our share of recognition on the paper teams. Of course, there are a few omissions that one regrets, but on the whole we are satisfied.

* *

Exit football. It is fitting we should write it once again and for the last time—Western Champions.

* *

CORBY WINS HALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

Tuesday afternoon the final game of the Interhall series was played on Cartier Field between Corby and Brownson Halls, the former winning by an 8 to 0 score. Although Brownson lost they deserve great credit for the fight they put up. Coach Longman pronounced their exhibition one of the gamest he has seen this year. The lack of practice on the part of the Brownson team was quite evident in their playing, and it is due largely to the loose playing which resulted from insufficient signal work that they were not able to hold Corby to a better score. The work of Vance at half-back and Barker at full was exceptionally good, while Williams played a star game in the line. Corby's speed, however, more than offset the superior playing of these men, who were also bothered by the slippery field.

It is hard to tell who did the best work for Corby, as several of Father Farley's men succeeded in engaging the spotlight for a good share of the time. The good headwork of Heyl at quarterback is deserving of mention, as is also the consistent plunging of Diebold and the fast work of Somers and Bergmann at the terminal points. Fish took

care of right end in a manner that would have done credit to a Varsity player, and the way he ploughed through with the ball shows that he is one of the strongest men to be found on any of the Interhall elevens. "Rabbit" Dana took the credit for going through Brownson's line for the touchdown, while Mehlen got into a class all by himself when he negotiated from the forty-seven-yard line the prettiest field goal that has been seen on Cartier Field in years.

The series was closely contested throughout, and there is no doubt that Corby deserved to win, as she has a good team and put in lots of hard, consistent work in practising. If Brownson had paid the same amount of attention to the game the result might have been different. The same is true of Sorin. "Ifs" are not worth a cent, however. Corby won because Corby has the right spirit and the best team.

The Line-Up:

Corby (S)		Brownson (O)
Foley	C.	Marsh
Moritz	R. G.	Hinds
Doonan	R. T.	Harvat
Fish	R. L.	Devitt, Probst, Heyl
Ditton	L. G.	Ehr, Cleary
Madden	L. T.	Williams
Somers, Bergmann, Heyl	L. E.	Dunphy
Mehlen, Devine	R. H.	McGinnis
Dana	L. H.	Vance
Diebold	F. B.	Barker
Heyl	Q. B.	Mack

Touchdown—Dana. Field Goal—Mehlen. Referee—Miller. Umpire—Dolan. Linesman—Stoakes.

* *

After a careful review of the season of interhall football the SCHOLASTIC offers the following players for the all-interhall eleven.

Right guard—Foley, Corby.

Left guard—Harvat, Brownson.

Right tackle—Finnegan, St. Joseph.

Left tackle—Williams, Brownson.

Right half—McGrath, St. Joseph.

Left half—Dana, Corby.

Full back—Diebold, Corby.

Quarter—Washburn, Sorin.

Right end—McGinnis, Brownson.

Left end—Fish (Capt.), Corby.

This selection is made after a consultation with the various hall coaches. The following also received votes for positions: O'Brien, Howard, Murphy (St. Joseph), Hebner, Dolan, Mehlen (Corby), Keeffe, Rice (Sorin), Dunphy (Brownson).